THE

HARVARD REGISTER.

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"I *wont* philosophize and *will* be read."
BYRON.

JOURNAL OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.—NO. I.

WERT thou ever in a stage-coach, friend? If so, (and who has not been?), felt you never your Yankee Spirit of Inquiry come over you, or merely a natural inquisitiveness perhaps, to ferret out the name of the stranger-man who has recommended himself to your notice by his learning or by his wit, by his dress or his address? Have you not, at the stops, belaboured coachee with interrogations concerning the gentleman with the brown surtout and umbrella? Has it never occurred to you, that he might be a Judge or Senator, a witty author or a grave Divine? Have you not, when near your journey's end, in despair of laying this troublesome Spirit of Curiosity elsewise, made bold to exchange cards, and found your hero a plain Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones? If it never fell to your lot to undergo 'these experiences,' prepare yourselves to be thus gratified or disappointed, whichever you may choose to term it.

Our worthy Editors, conscious that their readers (by these we mean the world) have been oft times instructed by the effusions of gravity, and amused by the scintillations of wit, to be met with on their pages, picture to themselves the dejection and melancholy caused by the unhappy ignorance of our authors' names. They can imagine the great stir caused by the appearance of our numbers; the crude conjectures and misguided guesses. A merciful spirit of philanthropy therefore moveth the hearts of our φιλογynal editors, and hath induced them to come forward and offer to the public the names of all their contributors, and this too gratui-

tously, for we cannot, like our traveller, propose an exchange of cards, having no room for the stowage of such a number as would be showered upon us. We nine, (Reader! the Muses are nine in number), with names subjoined, met at our Chambers, No. —, Holworthy Hall, where we were called to order by the Chair—

Sylvanus Dashwood,

Doctor Democritus,	Blank Etcetera, Sen.
Jeremiah Grimes, Jun. Gent.	Oliver Martext,
Seth Pringle,	Solomon Pry, Esq.
Quicksilver Small-talk,	Tristram Sturdy.

The Chair then rose and made an appeal to our hearts and our heads, in his usual mild, persuasive tones, and in his peculiar manner alike animated and pathetic. He touched with feeling upon the pitiable want of literary spirit, or spirit of any kind, here existent; upon the absence of literary capital or of capital of any kind from college walls. In glowing language and in high wrought coloring he depicted to our imagination the miseries of our self-devoted editors, and their labors 'never ending, still beginning,' labors that would make Hercules blush at the mention of his. He pointed us to this worthy trio clambering to the garrets, and delving in the cellar of 'Old Harvard' to rake from their semi-centennial quiescence the musty folios and dusty 'Records of College,' to eke out their promised quota. His peroration was too striking to be soon forgotten. "Gentlemen!" he continued, "I am no orator, as Doctor Democritus is, but if I were, my words should 'stir your blood like the sound of a trumpet.' I would sing, hem! hem! (proceeding on a higher key,) I would sing to you not the fictitious trifles of the Troubadours; my words should affect you more than the merry jingle of an Italian roundelay. I would cry to you, Arise! write for 'The Harvard Register.' Let it be adorned with the Cap of Liberty; may 'the Owl's majestic gravity bespeak its contents!' I would rouse you from your lethargic slumbers, and bid you wake" —he sunk to his seat, wholly overcome by the violence of his emotions. Tristram Sturdy, who had been awakened from a sound sleep by "hearing the pause," and was therefore not so much overcome as the others, divining, by the looks of the members, that something very affecting had taken place, moved an adjournment; since he for one, and probably the other gentlemen, were not in a state to proceed in that cool dispassionate manner requisite in affairs of such importance. Thus we adjourned; a Club that had a 'local habitation,' but no name. It being understood that 'the Nine' were to attend the next meeting to give a name to our Club, each came so well prepared that we had quite a choice. Mr. Grimes proposed, that we should call ourselves the "Fool's-cap Club," since we had declared war against that commodity, as the giant-killing Jack, of notorious memory, derived his cognomen from his inveterate hatred to the race of giants. But as this was the first name proposed, and we came resolved to be fastidious, it was rejected. The names of 'Goose-quill Club,' 'Nimble-tongued Nine,' and others were proposed, but did not meet our approbation.

Solomon Pry, Esq. hoped that we would not reject a title of his

proposing, without mature consideration, as it insinuated that we being Nine, might afford to our readers some variety, and in any tongue, for "had we the tongues of Hydra," we might employ them all. These arguments were to serve as an introduction to the name of the "Polyglot Club." The name was accepted *nem. con.* Thus we were considerably advanced. We Nine were of a Club that had a name.

We came to several resolutions, which it will much pleasure us to make our readers acquainted with.

1st. In full faith and confidence, that, as "good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls," so also in every sublunary thing, and more especially in any thing pertaining or belonging to the most reverend brotherhood of "Polyglots," it is seemly and befitting,—nor only so, that without it nothing is any thing worth,—therefore,

Resolved, that the hall at which our convocations be held, at once in token of the grave and sanctified demeanor there ever to be observed, and the solemn and momentous concerns there to be devised and executed, and also in humble but certain foresight of the surpassing glory which shall ever rest upon it, as upon the amiable dwellings of the eloquent worthies of olden times, shall, by way of eminence, be entitled "the Tabernacle." Unanimously accepted.

2d. Resolved, that our Register shall eschew the cant phrases of the day, by whatever usage sanctioned; that nothing shall "stand forth in bold relief" on its pages; no "spirit," however well meaning shall be allowed to be "abroad in the land;" the age shall cease to be "an extraordinary age;" and no member shall, on any account, be allowed to "body forth his conceptions." Upon this resolution, although carried by a nearly unanimous vote, Dr. Democritus observed, that it was cruel to deprive us of these comfortable forms of speech; that they served modern authors as the "Pax vobiscum" and "Benedicite" of ancient friars, filling all awkward pauses, connecting things far as the poles apart; in fine, assuring us of hitting, in one point at least, the humour of all readers of all sorts. What! banish these phrases! "Banish sweet Jack and banish all the world!" Why, gentlemen, half the literature of the day consists of these phrases strung together like peachmeats on a wire. The worthy Doctor, growing a little warm, and not a little prolix, was called to order.

3d. Resolved, that

> Oliver Martext being poet,
> (In order that the world may know it,)
> Do rise and straightway rhymify,
> While brother Pringle timify
> With cane upraised, then down descending,
> Thus rhyme and time symphonious blending,
> To keep harmonious Martext straight,
> Lest, with sublimity elate,
> He swell, and soar beyond the sky,
> And burst at last, though quite too high
> For us poor souls terrene to hear him;
> Resolved, that Pringle therefore steer him

By measuring off unto his strain
The breaks and pauses, with his cane.
This resolution being taken
Lo! where Martext sits a quaking;
See! in his face what darts of feeling!
His eyes are fixed upon the ceiling!
He starts! the Delian God he sees!
His hands keep time upon his knees!
Behold his soul triumphant rise!
He clasps his hands and winks his eyes!
O Juno! such is bard inspired!
Then worthy Martext rose and fired!
And Pringle stood with staff before him
To raise if need be, or to lower him.
With equal majesty and grace
The cane went circling round his face.
Oliver Martext— "I propose
That all those"—
Here the cane touched his nose
On the tip, to make him descend I suppose.
To Pringle it seemed he was too far from prose.
But Martext at once to his full height arose,
And stood for three seconds on the ends of his toes,
Then with frenzy inspired at Pringle he goes,
(As when from the mountains a north-wester blows,)
And straight to the floor brother Pringle he throws.
Oliver then began again,
Withouten drede of Pringle's cane:
"I propose
That all those
Whom the lists shall disclose
As taking their name from the Register's rows,
(Which to the 'Polyglot Club' foul treachery shows,)
Be considered as dead, and an O bit-u-a-ry
Be penned by our brother S. Pry, Secre-tary.
And that a lyric
Panegyric
Be made by Pringle,
On every single
New subscriber." Here the breath, not the wit, of Oliver failed him,
And Pringle crept up to discover what ailed him.

4th, Resolved, that we appoint a critical committee of hypercritical Reviewers, who shall be instructed to have no mercy upon such great names as we do not find upon our list of subscribers; but who may, at the same time, intimate to Scott, Moore, Irving, and a few others, that we will deign to take favorable notice of their productions, when they shall have sent in their names to our "Agent in London." "Very fair!" exclaimed friend Small-talk, "we critical tyros will wield the lash like an experienced master of the 'four-in-hand;' and like to him of Ferney we will
'Shape our weapon with an edge severe.'"

5th. Resolved, that such of the members as are able and willing, make a short address to our little book, going forth under new auspices. (The idea took—authority Hor.) Brother Dashwood

first rose, and after looking like one inspired for the space of fifty-three seconds, thus began. "Little book! may the laurel be ever twined around thee; like the ever-green, may thy glories be unfading. Go, thou carefully collated little volume, beguile the tedium of a Siberian winter, shrink not from the Afric heat. Wing thy way to the land of taste and beauty, tread the impervious mazes of the Abruzzi, and having presented thyself to the expecting eyes of Cardinal Giovanni Consiglieri Giustiniani, repose thyself at last in the archives of the Vatican."

He would have proceeded, but "the Chair" excused him, as his beginning was a little wandering, and his style a little exotic; indeed Tristram Sturdy half grumbled and half whispered, that "brother Dashwood knew not what he was about, that he knew nothing of the Abruzzi, and he'd be bound could not for his life again pronounce the name of that Italian fellow, Dr. Gin-i-o-ni somebody." Solomon Pry, Esq. then rose, and with a look that we were to understand beaming with sentiment, and in tones replete with tenderness, mildly thus began. "Sweet little bantling MS. first 'exert thy infant flight,' though the lowering clouds are dark and dingy. Dry the scalding tear on misery's furrowed cheek, and kiss away the gushing sorrows of a brother's tenderness! Carry the mild influence of religion to the heart-stricken 'Skeptic;' ring in his ears the solemn peal of piety. Acquaint him with the yearnings of a prayerful mother for her atheist son, and of his sorrowing sister, with dishevelled hair." He was much surprised, or, as he expresses it, completely horror-struck, on hearing the laugh of the members, which had been long suppressed. It was plain to us, however, that his address was much too lugubrious for the world, though rather of ludicro-tragic order, to us. After several other dedications, which the public would not approve of, as 'the Nine' did not, and which we therefore spare them, we determined to dun brother Sturdy, who had sat grumbling all the evening, smoking and sneering, grunting and groaning, at our oft-repeated trials and as oft-repeated failures to obtain an address to our liking. On being politely requested by the members to furnish an address, he glowered most fearfully on them, then slowly and sullenly extracting his aromatic, he replied, "I praise your little book! (taking a long whiff at the time,) I puff nothing." But at last, complying with a very ill grace, he vociferated,

"Little book, to the *Devil!* I'd not be uncivil,
Since I, of all others, can wish you no evil.
As for you, Mr. Small-talk, and the 'Club,' you may all talk.
Address it I dont, I've determined I wont!
You've interrupted my revel, hence, avaunt to the *Devil!*"
As to his verse or his manner, we cannot amend it,
And as to the book to *our Devil* we'll send it,
Gentle reader! the style of our Journal shall vary.
A true copy.

(Attest.) S. Pry, Secretary.

THE EPICUREAN.

A TALE BY THOMAS MOORE.

It is a difficult thing to excel in more than one department of literature, and still more difficult to have the reputation of so doing. The world is a jealous world, and not a little given to envy and detraction. We are continually making manifest the clay from which we are formed, and showing the earth-born passions which are wrought into our nature. Amidst the praises bestowed on a man of illustrious genius, there is always heard a dissentient voice. From the days of Zoilus till now, there have always been some few who have set their faces against the stream of popular opinion, who have counted it a merit to differ from the "swinish multitude," and who, like the Pharisee in the parable, have thanked God that they were not made like other men. The same illiberal spirit, which makes us so lukewarm in our admiration of genius, predisposes us also to find faults in the work of one who is ambitious of excelling in more than one kind of writing. It is a true saying, that a man has no greater enemy than his former self. We assume it as an axiom, that no one can be eminent in more than one department of literature, and that by habituating the mind to one kind of exercise exclusively, we lose the power of applying it in any other way; as it was said of Mozart, that his fingers had become so cramped by excessive playing on instruments, that he could with difficulty use them for the common purposes of life. In our propensity to illustrate mind by matter, we maintain that there is a division of labor in immaterial products, as well as in material, and that one man should write poems and another novels, as one man moulds the head of a pin, and another sharpens its point. We draw our inferences from this false position, which we have assumed to be true, and by way of proof, we bring up the poems of Cicero, and Addison's still-born speeches.

Mr. Moore has been singularly fortunate in triumphing over these prejudices. After he had for a long time enjoyed, on both sides of the water, a brilliant poetical reputation, it was announced that he intended to publish the life of his distinguished countryman, Sheridan. Every body, of course, predicted that it would be a failure. Indeed how could it

be otherwise? How was it possible that a poet, who is the slave of imagination and the creature of impulse, whose office it is to exhibit man and nature in their general and unchanging features and characteristics, should succeed in revealing the hidden machinery by which states are governed, and in unravelling the tangled web which politicians weave? But in process of time the book appeared, and the world was agreeably disappointed. The Life of Sheridan is a beautifully-written and most instructive book, abounding with warnings and examples, with some faults, it is true, but with many uncommon beauties, and as impartial as the biography of one zealous party man, by another equally zealous, can be. It is a proof of no common ability, that he has been able to make the life of a politician so interesting. To be able to judge of his success in this particular, compare his work with the very sensible and very stupid memoirs of Pitt, by a right reverend prelate; a book, to which Sir Richard Blackmore's epics are interesting, and Mather's Magnalia a perfect fairy tale.

Mr. Moore has added not a little to his already great reputation, by the beautiful little tale now before us. The story is short, and may be told in a few words. Alciphron, an Athenian, a follower of Epicurus, at the age of twenty-four, is chosen the chief of his sect. Notwithstanding the pomp and splendor of his inauguration, which dazzled his senses and intoxicated his soul, his mind is filled with melancholy forebodings. He feels an undefinable wish, an unsatisfied longing for something more durable and ennobling than the fleeting pleasures he has spent his life in pursuing. He is commanded, in a dream, to repair to Egypt, and told, that there he should find the unknown good he is seeking. He sets sail for Egypt, and arrives at Alexandria. He becomes enamored of a Christian maiden, whom he sees officiating at a religious festival, and after a variety of adventures is weaned from his "proud philosophy," and becomes a humble follower of the Redeemer. The maiden suffers martyrdom, and Alciphron betakes himself to the desert, lives a life of holiness and penitence, and dies at an advanced age. But the story, beautiful as it is, is a thing of secondary importance; it is merely the string of the necklace, a something to connect together the pearls of thought and expression which are thickly strown over every page. There is not, perhaps, in

the English language, a book of its size which contains so much beautiful writing. It is rather a poem than a novel; it has all the essentials of poetry, the rich imagination, the warm feeling, the vivid conception, "the vision and the faculty divine." Nothing can exceed the harmony and grace of the language in which the author clothes his beautiful conceptions. Language in his hands is not a simple means of expressing thought; his very words have a soul; his mother tongue is a cunning instrument in his hands, and he makes it "discourse most excellent music." The descriptions are most vividly natural, and are painted to the eye. We walk with the hero through the magnificent gardens of Athens, and listen to the dash of their sparkling fountains. We join in his raptures, when he sees, for the first time, the moon silvering with her beams the waves of the sacred river. Egypt, with its thronged and busy cities, its "star-pointing pyramids," its massy temples, its stupendous works of art, seems to us a familiar land. We think that we have seen, with our own eyes, the beautiful and magnificent objects and scenes which are described.

But what peculiarly distinguishes this tale from almost every other book in the world, is the splendor and variety of its imagery. We are dazzled with the profusion of mental wealth, which the author lavishes with the most wanton prodigality. The eagle wings of his imagination never flag; he compasses earth, air, and sea, for the materials of his illustrations and embellishments. All climes yield their treasures at his bidding; countless shapes rise up at his summoning. His spirit holds converse with all beautiful forms and all lovely sounds, with the radiancy of day and the solemnity of night, with the grandeur of ocean and the joy of earth, with the song of the nightingale and the breath of flowers. Our author's beautiful flights show the purity of his taste, as well as the richness of his fancy; there is hardly a figure in the book which would be considered faulty, if judged by the severest rules of criticism. It is a little singular that fog-wrapped Ireland should be the dwelling place of a mind like that of Moore. One would think that he had never inhaled a single draught of the Bœotian air of "green Erin." The fire of his imagination seems to have been lit from the glowing sun of Persia, and he breathes round his creations all the fragrance of the rose-gardens of Pœstum. The Orientalism

of the scene is always in perfect keeping; every thing is Eastern and sunny. The author shows a minute acquaintance with the manners, customs, and natural history of the country he describes, which gives to his fiction a magic air of reality. Hafiz and Ferdoúsi might be proud to call him their countryman; for no oriental bard can boast of a richer fancy or a warmer heart; and no sweeter poet ever wandered through the gardens of Schiraz, or told the sad tale of the loves of Meijnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of Araby.

The Epicurean is not without its faults. It is very unequally written, and the interest is not always well kept up. The least satisfactory part of the work is the description of the hero's initiation into the mysteries of the Egyptian hierarchy. The author has shown a great deal of curious learning and research, but they seem to be misplaced in a book of this kind. There are many pages which leave a vague and misty impression on the mind, and we suspect that most readers hurry through them as fast as possible and hasten to the more interesting portions.

It may be said by fastidious critics, that there is too much ornament, and too much beautiful writing; that the sentiments and thoughts are weakened by excessive illustration and multiplied allusions; that the ground work of the tapestry is often hidden by the multitude of flowers which are woven into it. But we must confess that we did not think so; there is not a figure in the book we could wish blotted out. We may alter our opinion when a more mature age shall have traced its furrows on our brow, and taught the blood to creep with a more measured pace through our veins. This objection is a great proof of the merit of the work; they can find nothing else in it worthy of censure. The disappointed critic, whose gall is so moved by the excess of beauty as to note it as a blemish, may be compared to the god Momus, who, being unable to find any fault in the person of Venus, complained of the creaking of her slippers.

A delightful characteristic of the work is the moral feeling which pervades it, which is the more gratifying, as its author has not always been so praiseworthy in this respect. Many of his youthful productions were heavy sins against purity and good morals. He offered incense to strange gods, and the fire of his impassioned poetry was kindled from the earth-

born element, and not by a "live coal from the altar." But he has at length turned him away from his sensual idols, and bowed, in humble adoration to the God of Ages, the head which fame has thickly shaded with evergreen laurels. He has nobly atoned for his former errors by the publication of the Epicurean, which is a most eloquent and stirring appeal in favor of virtue and religion. Alciphron, the hero, is a noble specimen of human kind. He is rich in native talent, rich in learned lore, rich in the honeyed eloquence of his own Attica. Our spirit gladdens within us to see him casting off, like an unseemly slough, his vain philosophy and the intellectual pride of the Garden, and taking up the cross of the true faith. It is a goodly sight to behold this fair Corinthian pillar, chiseled by the cunning hand of Grecian art, supporting the roof of the temple of the Most High. No pomp of language can paint the surpassing loveliness of the gentle and timid maiden by whom his conversion is effected. It seems passing strange, that he who could conceive a character of such queen-like perfections and such starry purity, should be one and the same person with the translator of Anacreon and the author of Little's poems. She has the feelings of earth with the spotless innocence of heaven; her heart is the heart of a woman, but her soul is the soul of a seraph. The atmosphere in which she moves is rife with beauty; all unholy passions are dispelled by her presence, as by the touch of Ithuriel's spear. There is more persuasion in her words than in a thousand homilies; here virtue is seen dressed in a glorious garb, and speaking in accents which it is no profanation to call inspired.

There are snatches of poetry interspersed through the volume, which are as sweet and natural as you might expect from the author of Lalla Rookh and the Irish Melodies.

We conclude our imperfect notice with one extract, which may serve as a specimen of the style. We do not make more than one selection, as we take it for granted that the book is lying on the parlor-table of every house within a circle, whose radius is five miles, which circle we take to be the "ne plus ultra" of the Harvard Register.

The passage we quote is the description of the commencement of his voyage up the river Nile.

"The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and

the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure house;—while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

"The activity of the morning hour was visible every where. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had roosted all night in same date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked freshly awakened;—and, most of all, the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

"Such were the scenes that now passed before my eyes, and mingled with the reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept over the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days appeared to me one series of wonders, yet by far the most miraculous wonder of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart,—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared any thing on earth to obtain its object,—was now sleeping sacredly in that small pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay calmly at its threshold.

"Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-goose, folding her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the sycamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank seemed to move more languidly, as the light fell upon their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion,—as if once more to assure my senses, that I was not already in a dream, but that the young Egyptian was really there,—I felt my eyes close as I looked, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep."

THE SKEPTICK'S SOLILOQUY.

I too was charmed in youth's unsullied prime—
When Hope's fair cheek had just begun to glow,
Beneath the genial light of Truth sublime,
With dreams which promised happiness below.

I too had seen, o'er life's unruffled tide,
A flame like that of burning incense gleam,
While Fancy's brightest forms appeared to glide,
Like swans majestic down the purple stream.

I saw, but half awake, with still delight,
The rosy hours in gay succession fly,
And as the scene grew brighter and more bright,
A thousand beauties opened on my eye.

Such was the morning of my life,—alas!
That I should live that morning to deplore;
That days so full of bliss so soon should pass,
And youth's once faded prime return no more.

Relentless Wisdom! why didst thou bereave
My hope, my soul, of all they e'er possessed?
O! take thy gifts, and let me still *believe*;
Restore my faith, my comfort, and my rest!

I spurned the bliss that renders earth a heaven,
Refused the cup that is not offered twice,
And now, as if by Heaven's just vengeance driven,
I seek in vain my former paradise.

Yes! a Divinity, a God I seek!
Where is his temple? Whither shall I roam?
O Nature! bid yon hoary mountains speak—
Is their blue canopy the Spirit's home?

Is there a God, for whom those planets burn?
I've sought the stars with many a skeptick's *why*—
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth I turn,
But not a voice gives answers to my cry.

O! thou consoling Power, whose gentle hymn
Can soothe the wildest torments of the slave,
Whose twilight-star, when others have grown dim,
Shines brighter still o'er life's tempestuous wave,

Immortal Hope! remove the veil which shrouds
The skeptick-mourner's soul in doubts and fears,
And whisper to him that, behind the clouds,
An angel's pen records the sufferer's tears.

When Friendship's voice is hushed, and earth receives
To her cold bosom the lamented trust;
When sorrowing Memory pines 'mid withered leaves,
And Reason asks if fate so sad be just,—

O! then, kind spirit, if thine eye discern
The grave, o'er which, forsaken and unknown,
The mourner weeps, and clasps the mouldering urn
Where rests the heart he once could call his own;—

Approach the hallowed spot, and if he think
Too hard his lot, and charge the Powers above,
O! let him see the storm-clouds as they sink,
Tinged with a morning ray of endless love.

Yes, Hope! thy voice foretells a juster sway,
Than *he* expects, who trusts in Fortune's power,
And though distressed by tempests on our way,
Thy smile shall cheer us in the darkest hour!

Thou art the Pharos of a distant shore,
Born of the skies, thou dreadst not mortal's doom;
But when the things of earth shall be no more,
Thy form shall flourish in eternal bloom.

In Egypt's sacred clime thy youth begun,
The priests of old, who knelt at Isis' shrine,
Inspired by thee, first hailed the glorious Sun,
Blessed his approach, and called his light divine.

"He comes! he comes! Ye Heavens, stretch forth your arms,
Receive him, Morning, with a joyful song,
Rise, Nature, rise, arrayed in all thy charms,
'Tis he, to whom thy bridal vows belong.

"He comes! he comes! through yonder azure field,
Blessing and blest, he glories on his way,
A heavenly lustre beams from out his shield,
And earth with all her children owns his sway.

"Light is his element, his home the skies—
Night flies before him, and the stars grow dim,
Ye Vallies, bid your richest perfumes rise!
Ye Breezes, waft your morning prayer to him!

"The Heavens proclaim him; and the distant orbs,
That float like atoms in his glory, sing—
Creation breathes the music it absorbs,
And Nature hails her Bridegroom and her King!"

COMMENCEMENT IN OLDEN TIME.

I had a vision in my sleep
Which gave my spirit strength to sweep
All up the stream of time.

Not long since, one sleepy afternoon, I seated myself in 'mine elbow chair,' and endeavoured to keep my drowsy faculties awake over Brown's Chapter on Consciousness. But it would not do; old Somnus speedily took possession of my whole body politic—the book dropped from my hand, and I lost my consciousness, whilst he hurried me away to the Isle of Nod. Yet as I am a bustling, active little man, and believe firmly that the mind thinks always—the time I passed in sleep was by no means 'a dead letter.' Many strange fancies flitted through my brain—some of which appeared to smack of the historical. One of these I propose to transcribe, that it may be enrolled among the immortal productions of the Polyglot Club.

Methought I swam, alewife like, up the stream of time some hundred of years, and was transported back to College as it then was. The whole face of things changed—Hollis, Stoughton, Holworthy, and University Hall, fade away into the dim mists of 'time to come.'—The neat fence and the ambitious little trees vanished in the twinkling of an eye—while here and there, some giant elm was stretching out its lordly and protecting branches, to form a classic bower.—Massachusetts was raising her modest walls, blushing in her maiden beauty, beneath the encouraging glances of maternal 'old Harvard;' and Stoughton* stood exulting in youthful prime. The Hotel, Market, and College-house, and all the rest of our *Classic* buildings sunk into the dust. Post office, there was none!—Lawyer's office, there was none!—Printing office, there was none; and the Barber's pole slipt from its fastenings, and rolled off, a little acorn, into the surrounding forest. The place of Divinity Hall was occupied by a dismal swamp; Professors' Row was overgrown with brushwood; the church disappeared, and God's acre arose on a little knoll, with a few roughly hewn stones to mark where two or three worthies had laid themselves down to rest. The Eagle too, winged his way afar, to wait until called upon to be the symbol of our country.

* Here is no anachronism.—Vide Historical Sketches in No. IX.

It happened to be Commencement day—and I strolled about in my vision, wondering how things could be so altered. Instead of the booths and fiddling we now see and hear on such occasions, I observed little prim old ladies, in russet gowns and white caps, seated behind tables well stocked with molasses candy and dough-nuts, knitting most vehemently, excepting when they paused to receive the half-pence from urchins in homespun small clothes and felt cocked hats. There were no *Hourly* coaches, dashing gigs, rattling up to the old sober meetinghouse. But the spectators jogged gravely along, in their square bodied chaises, and swains riding up to the horse-block, assisted their damsels to alight from the pillions behind them. Portly old gentlemen were trudging about with gold headed canes; and sable cloaked, thin visaged Puritans were collected in bunches, discoursing on the 'crying sins' of the times, or listening to some new and marvellous narrative of the Salem witches. And methought how these worthies would stare and shake their well wigged heads if they could witness a modern academic festival.—Yea, verily, they would marvel more than did Rip Van Winkle when awakened from his trance.

The shade on the *dial plate* wanted considerable of the hour when the exercises would commence, and I spent the leisure moments in roaming through the entries of Stoughton and Massachusetts. At the key-hole of one door I overheard a youth striving hard to wheel round the big words of a Greek oration; at another, I listened to a worthy wrangler, pouring out, 'ore rotundo,' his whole force of argument in a desperate disputation; and from a third issued forth the strange knock-me-down sounds of a Latin syllogism. As one portal gaped open to let out a shining negro, I beheld a table glistening with pewter dishes, and foaming with flagons of beer; whilst whortleberry pies and home-made gingerbread, defended the corners. A row of long stemmed pipes, too, caught my eye, on the mantle-piece, interspersed with well filled and well polished tobacco boxes.

Presently the procession marched out of Harvard, mostly composed of ministers, the officers of the college, and the students. Among the latter, methought I could distinguish even then, the well known ingredients of a class. Here the sunken eye and sallow countenance bespoke the man who *dug* sixteen hours 'per diem.' And there was the jolly round

face of the good-natured king of the Lazy Club, whose total of reading amounted to zero, and who was content to be styled a 'smart fellow,' because he did nothing. In one part of the procession, minced and tripped the college beau; in another, slouched along the college sloven. Now the white Cassimere coat, laced waistcoat, green velvet breeches, silk stockings, and gold buckles, proclaim a blood, or sprig of quality. Now the thunder-and-lightning, long waisted habit, with its steel buttons, and the pepper-and-salt small clothes, bespeak the ex-bush-whacker, and future selectman. While the three-cornered head coverings poised on the summits of tall and short bodies, gave to the whole band the delightful undulations of a sea-serpent.

The procession wound its way into the meetinghouse, as the choir thundered forth 'God save the king,' which was followed by one of Sternhold and Hopkins' psalms, to the tune of 'Old Hundred.'

Within the building, what a scene presented itself to my already bewildered imagination! Think you that the gallery wound around the house, studded with living gems, a belt of beauty?—Well then, you think right; but such beauty, none of the present generation, excepting myself by my peculiar power of dozing thirteen hours out of the twenty-four, will see living, moving, and having its being. In vain I looked around for the flowing ringlets, the rainbow robes, and leg-of-mutton sleeves of the modern belle. In vain I looked for the jewelled necklace which encircles her neck, and the golden bracelet which manacles her wrist. I listened without success, to hear the light laugh and *small talk* (not our worthy brother) of petted beauties.—No—all was proper and precise; good matronly gran-dams, in their snowy caps, and neatly folded kerchiefs, with their round eyed spectacles, and knitting work, occupied the foremost ranks. The damsels of that day, sedate and well behaved young ladies, primly erect, sat modestly behind their mammas, with their cushioned head dresses plentifully plastered and begrimmed with pomatum and powder, their neat figures shut up in stiff brocade, which fitted close to their slight waists, and then gracefully flowed off, being distended by the ample hoop. Now and then, to be sure, some lively romp was to be heard chatting with the beaux, but the severe looks of the matrons soon drew the two-footed fan forth from her side pocket to hide her blushes.

The Exquisites too, how different were they from the sophisticated ease-consulting jack-a-dandies of our own improved times. I looked in vain for the Cossack pantaloons and Wellington boots, the Cantelo stock and Corinthian gills, the Crawford hat and *à la Byron* head, which now make the man. The satin breeches and silk hose exhibited the well turned limb; the fine lace ruffle gave a delicate appearance to the brawny fist. And the laced chapeau was genteelly tucked under the arm to show off the befloured pericranium. Oh for those days of primeval simplicity—that golden age of habits—that generation of immaculates.—Alas and alack-a-day for the extravagance and degeneracy of the year 1827.

I had ample time to make these observations, whilst the multitude were settling themselves away. As soon as this was done, a venerable old divine poured forth a solemn and fervent, though rather *lengthy* prayer. He took due notice of the trials and tribulations which the conscientious few had undergone from the time they left the shores of England—that habitation of prelacy, until the present, when they were waxing stronger and stronger, like unto a strong man. He called down the blessings of heaven upon the king, queen, and all the royal family; he touched with sorrow upon the sins of the age; besought the speedy deliverance of the colony from the witches, and concluded with a fervent petition for this literary institution, which he compared to a grain of mustard seed, and prayed that it might grow and spread and bring forth much fruit, in all holiness and grace.

After the prayer, the President delivered a Latin oration replete with learning and eloquence, but which lost much of its effect, by not being translated for the benefit of the ladies, as hose 'tinged with heaven's ethereal blue,' had not then come in fashion. The President was followed by the scholars in various performances, in the 'learned tongues,' together with divers hard fought disputations. My Greek orator turned out to be a little gentleman in black, admirably calculated for his part on account of his mouth of paragraph capacity. But, in the succeeding 'acts'—the Latin syllogism seemed to give the most 'content,' if I could judge from the waving *top-knots* of the tittering ladies, and the illegitimate smiles which stole over the countenances of the '*cloth*.'

It was truly amusing to hear them hammer away 'ten pound ten fashion,' with their propositions. Up jumps one

man with a face as positive as two negatives, and sends out his syllogism, armed and equipped with its major and minor and conclusion, so well packed and dove-tailed together, that you might as well attempt to 'pluck a rap from the counter,' as to avoid its certainty. But hark,—another reasoner, looking as though he could show, past all cavilling, how many spirits dance on the point of a needle and never elbow each other, arises, and flatly denies his major; then forthwith he manufactures a syllogism to substantiate this denial. As soon as he is seated, another pugnacious gentleman levels a blow at his minor, and then a third brings desolation on the conclusion, and so they kept at it, pulling to pieces syllogisms and putting together syllogisms, asserting and denying, bandying backwards and forwards their propositions with all the earnestness of a boxing match, until a signal from the President closed this war of words, and enjoined silence for the benefit of a Hebrew orator.—Hear it, ye modern grumblers—a *Hebrew* oration. The representative of oriental eloquence stepped forward—he opened his shark-like jaws—I heard but one sentence—there issued forth a string of words, crooked, crack-jaw, and thundering as if all the tongues at the Babel confusion had been twisted together. Two dogs ran yelping from the house, the ladies stopped their ears, and I awoke to find that I had slipped, cushion and all, from my chair, knocked down the shovel and tongs upon Pompey's toes, and to see my chum grinning at my door at the catastrophe.

A NEW COMER.

> But what's this to the purpose? you will say.
> Gentle Reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
> For which my sole excuse is——'tis my way,
> I write what's uppermost, without delay.
>
> *Byron.*

What is strange is ever startling. Our mind, like our eye, winces at sudden light. There is a something in the very newness of objects, which, be they in themselves clear or mysterious, simple or complex, is interesting even to fear. We are creatures of habit. As the ear grows dull and takes

no note of an accustomed sound,—so that, in days of yore, it could be credited that the music of the spheres had, from their creation, been sweetly sounding to a senseless world—so does the mind grow callous to the things of custom; but only to be the more feelingly sensitive to what is out of custom. Even in the dull routine of ordinary life, our nerves are not proof against the unwonted sights and unlooked-for scenes, which ever and anon are thrust upon our view. A new relation in the world, a change of position in society, a novel incident, a strange face, a sudden thought, all produce the same exciting influence, and awaken the same startling interest.

But these effects are more especially realized in our early days. Indeed youth is a continued scene of new things. No day, scarce an hour passes but has brought with it somewhat that we have either never seen, never heard, or never known. Things old to others are new to us; and in our constant round of studies and amusements, we are ever discovering some law in nature, some principle in science, or some rule in art, of which we before were ignorant. The toy that gives amusement is not without instruction, and the picture that shows us nothing but what we have seen before, is soon thrown by in disgust.—In youth, too, we are ever hunting after new things. In these happy days, whose delight is only equalled by their danger, "ere the hey-day in the blood is tame and waits upon the judgment," we are ever dissatisfied with what is before us. We love to be excited, to be startled by some strange tale or stranger sight, and we cry for the ghost-story, which has before made us shudder.—More than all, in youth it is that we are most easily and most deeply impressed by new things. Our high-tuned nerves then vibrate to the weakest touch; and many a time does our pulse throb and our fevered blood grow cold within us, as we pass along through all "the varieties of untried being," by which youth is ushered into manhood. Things which have no quality in common but their newness are in these effects alike. The self same fear, varying only in degree, makes faint the heart of him, who is about, for the first time, to tread the blood-tracked field of war, or the embroidered Brussels of a drawing-room. Indeed so surely is this so, that newness may, without error, be accounted the great source of all our fears; and thus may be derived the pleasing reflection, which

may animate us to press forward in whatever work is before us, that fear endureth but for a season, and that, as it cometh, so also it goeth with the novelty of its cause, and that once being successfully encountered, it will remain ever our slave. The veteran soldier and the experienced gallant march out, with alike unshaken steps, to the field, be it of war or love; and both, with equal indifference, count over their wounds, and boast of their victories.

Gentle Reader! to what end has been all this preface? To no other, I assure you, but that from it, I might extract some small portion of comfort for the task that is before me. Think not that there is no need—for far 'more fears than wars or women have' are those of a literary debut. Indeed I know of few things that are more entirely appalling, more exquisitely shocking to the sensibilities of a young man, than the idea of a first appearance before a literary public. I know that we who have arrived at that uncertain age, which is ranked, now youth, now manhood—hence properly entitled, by a due admixtion of either term, young-men—and especially those of us, who from our locality, if not our habits, are emphatically dubbed "Students,"—are reputed to be possessed of a sufficient measure of that modest assurance (in vulgar vocabularies, vide Impudence) to bear us up in any work, however formidable; and I fain would have persuaded myself that we were not behind our reputation; but I look for it in vain in an exigency like this. 'In these our salad days, the judgment's green,' we find it hard enough to think for ourselves, and we recoil from the idea of exposing our half-grown soul to public gaze. Our every thought is crude and loose and changing, and the style in which we would express them, is as our thoughts. Nothing in our whole mental system is fixed or stable. We are always on the stretch for something different, and, "in striving to better, we often mar what's well." It may be we have some talent in the art of writing, but we are sure to work it into a fault. Have we a knack of saying pretty things? we are *too* pretty, and, as a child with honey, our readers are soon feasted to satiety. Or have we a name, among our fellows, for sound and logical reasoning? every subject will, at some rate or other, be cleaved into heads, and no sentence be destitute of a *wherefore*. Then again, our inexperienced fancy is too much taken with Genii and Fairies. The stars are too often forced

from their spheres and the planets stopped in their course, in very spite of every principle of *gravity*, to stud the narrow firmament of our own weak mind, and throw a dazzling glare over the obscurity of our conceptions. The war of the elements is increased and their jarring sound redoubled by our violent seizure and more violent usage. A simple sentence is monstrous, and an unadorned thought, in our eyes, never to be forgiven. Thus ever our matter is either 'overdone or else comes tardy off.' The fact is, ourselves are wanting of the perfect man, and our performances, like ourselves, are 'scarce made up.'

These defects, which a young man is seldom or never without, are at no time so forcibly impressed on our minds, as when first we find that they must be exposed to others. It is then we first realize our own littleness; we confess our weakness, and we shudder at the issue. It seems to us that if we fail, and hardly the high-flown hopes of youth can persuade us we shall not, that it will be little less than deliberate suicide. We force ourselves, with all our acknowledged sins upon our heads, before the public tribunal; and how can we hope for mercy? And withal we are stared in the face by that appalling truth, which we have learned the Prosody too lately to forget, 'litera scripta manet,' which cuts us off from every hope that a failure in words may, like one in deeds, be soon buried in oblivion. When once it is in print, not all the tears of all the angels can erase it.

Such are the horrors which invariably oppress the mind of the young debutant, who never appeared in any print before. Much of their strength, I allow, may with justice be ascribed to the cherishing, on our part, of the delusive idea, that any body will take the pains to find fault with, or even read our poor attempts; but the same superficial knowledge and scant experience which lay us open to criticism or censure, persuade us also that we shall meet it. No person, certainly no young person, in a strange position, is without the false but fearful feeling, that all eyes are on him; and even we, who contribute to this humble periodical, whose subscribers, we grieve to say, are hardly in number equal to its pages, cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we are writing for the world. The ancient astronomers could not believe that their own earth was not the centre of motion to all the heavenly bodies; so we, in youth at least, cannot but believe that our-

selves and our actions are the cynosure of surrounding eyes. But true philosophy roots out apace all faiths like these—a philosophy, which time only can afford us. These horrors then, however chimerical in themselves, are yet real in us, since we try in vain to be ridden of them, and these fears, though in part groundless, shake us with their fullest strength.

I might go on to describe the manifold sacrifice we are obliged to make, in resigning, thus early in life, the pleasing quiet of thinking to ourselves, in foregoing the delightful indulgence of a wayward fancy in the curious workings of her nature, in reconciling her seeming inconsistencies, and bringing down to dull reality the gay visions, which flit in spiritual beauty over us, but which, like ghosts at cock-crowing, vanish in description, together with all the trouble, toil, and agony of authorship. But I fear to gaze longer on my own thoughts, lest I should be tempted to deny that service, which I have already pledged. Believe me, Reader, but for the love I bear the Polyglots,

> "I would not this free unhoused condition
> Put into circumscription and confine
> For the sea's worth."

I have but one comfort, and that is derived, as I but now told you, from the hope that fear departeth with the newness of its cause—a hope whose grounds I shall prove, by preparing an article for the next number of the Harvard Register.

I'LL KEEP A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

I'm weary of this college life,
This scene of everlasting strife
  'Twixt Order and Misrule;
I cannot bear the horrid knell
Of matin and of vesper bell;
  I'll keep a country school.

I sit me down to hum a tune,
Or sing a sonnet to the moon,
  In frenzied inspiration;
I count my fingers now with zeal,
When hark! again that sullen peal!
  Ding-dong for recitation.

Away I run like him of old,
Gilpin, the train-band captain bold,
  Of famous London city;
Through hail, and rain, and snow, I scud;
Alas! my shoe sticks in the mud;—
  This measure is not pretty;

And so I'll try to mend my music,
Of which the reader must be too sick
To be alarmed at any changes,
Through which my restless Fancy ranges!
Then aid me, all ye Muses plastic,
To sing in metre Hudibrastic,
Which I can manufacture faster;
Now I'll proceed with my disaster;
The pedal member liberated
From durance muddy just now stated,
I, o'er the common, urge my way,
Though Fancy paints, with boding ray,
The puddles that in prospect lay;
Full well Imagination knew
That she and I must paddle through
Sea, lake, and pool, and miry slough;
We cannot stop to tell you how.
(Observe, the monosyllab WE
Miss Musa means and mister Me.)
Arrived at court of Alma Mater,
For recitation somewhat later
Than brothers mine in paths of knowledge,
Who live within the walls of college,
I take my seat in deep dismay;
O! what shall bard insulted say?
Instead of pitying my case,
I meet a grin on every face.
With eyes askant the rascals view
The spattered coat and mud-soiled shoe—
By Jove! I wont be made a fool,
I'll go and keep a country school.

O who this prison vile could bear,
Foregoing such delicious fare,
  Squash-pies, and nuts, and cider;
Plump puddings too of ample mould,
Which make the student's heart grow bold,
  And student's face grow wider.

But pen, ink, paper, rhyme would fail
To tell of maidens lily pale,
  Or like the rose-bud blooming;
Oh! hear a warning voice, beware,
Ye masters, of the damsels fair,
  To hopeless sorrow dooming.

My muse could sing full many a tale
Of soldiers never known to quail,
When marching on the common—
Yes, warriors of the Harvard Corps
Have sighed, and bowed, yea, knelt before
A village girl! O woman!

This last was used to fill the rhyme.—
I fain would tell, but hav'nt time,
Of fire in parlor kindled.
How Love could tedious evening tire,
And how the heavenly flame burned higher,
As earthly fuel dwindled.

But I defy the silly darts
Of him, poetic lord of hearts,
Styled all-subduing Cupid;
'Tis pleasant fancy-led to rove,
But for a boy to fall in love,
Indeed 'tis very stupid.

No, no, the girls shan't make me fool,
Although I keep a country school.

I wish to be a man of note,
To hear the busy village quote
My sayings wise or witty,
Like Cæsar too, I mean to rule,
To *keep*, not always *go to* school,
Like Barnabas and Kitty.

Besides, 'tis rather dull to *screw*;
Although indeed we've hammered through
The wonders of Astronomy,
And very easy to recite
Is Say Jean-Baptiste's treatise, hight
Political Economy.

I have a most instinctive dread
Of getting up to take a *dead*,
Unworthy degradation!
If possible, I fear still more
An —— I had almost said a bore,
An hour in recitation.

Moreover,
My study is a smoky place;
I find my eyes in doleful case,
By digging until midnight,
And rising early in the morning,
Before the matin bell gave warning,
I cannot think I did right.

A thought now pops into my head,
That what I just above have said
May be mista'en for joking;
Or else my readers may suppose,
I mean upon them to impose
About my study's smoking.

'Tis true; I swear by all the Nine,
My study smokes, smokes study mine;
Besides 'tis cold as Iceland;
My windows, too, are all in shatters,
The rain this moment through them patters,
The floor is wet where I stand.*

MUSA.

Ungrateful rhymester! dost profane
The little pattering drops of rain,
To minstrel true delightful?
Because *thy* window-glass is broken,
These words unholy hast thou spoken,
O versifier spiteful!

POETA.

I beg thy pardon, gentle Muse,
And if thou canst thy bard excuse,
I'll amply make amends;
I'll sing a sonnet to the shower,
And bite my nails for half an hour,
In search of tuneful ends.

SONNET.

Come, tell me, little noisy friend,
That knockest at my pane,
Whence is thy being? where dost end?
Thou little drop of rain.

I come from the deep,
Where the dark waves sleep,
And their vigils ever the sea-nymphs keep;
I go to the brow
Of the mountain snow,
And trickle again to the depths below.

But wanderer, how didst win thy way
From caverns of the sea?
Did not the sea-nymphs say thee nay,
Sweet harbinger of glee?

* Stand, not sit. Vide Horace.

—— in hora saepe ducentos
Versus dictabat, *stans* pede in uno.

With his far-darting flame
King Apollo came,
And bore me away in a cloudy frame;
And I sailed in the air,
'Till the zephyrs bare
Me hither, to hear thy minstrel prayer.

And why dost change that tiny form,
Thou sweetest ocean child?
Why art the snow in winter storm,
The rain in summer mild?

The breath from above
Of Him who is love,
In the snow and the rain-storm bids me to rove,
Lest the young-budding earth
Be destroyed in the birth,
And Famine insult over Plenty and Mirth.

And wilt thou, little one, bestow
The minstrel's small request?
Wilt come, when cares of earth below
Press on his aching breast?

'Tis the minstrel's own
To kneel at the throne
Of Him who reigns in the heavens, alone;
The grief of the soul
'Tis his to control,
Who bids, in the azure, the planets roll.

His couch, when balmy slumber flies,
In watches of the night,
Wilt, soother, come, and close his eyes,
And make his sorrows light?

I cannot come
From my sea-deep home,
Whene'er I list, on the earth to roam;
Who rules in the form
Of the ocean storm,
His will must the rain-drop too perform.

Thy gentle prattle at the pane
Makes timorous Fancy smile;
Then let me hear that tender strain:
Blithe charmer, stay awhile.

No, I cannot delay,
But must quickly away
Where the rills in the valley my coming stay:
I haste to the dell
Where the wild flowers dwell.
Then, 'Peace to thee, minstrel,' is the rain-drop's farewell.

But, "gentle reader,"—ah! you smile,
What, have I wandered off a while?
Well, now 'tis time to get my "Say"—
I'll tell the rest another day.
When I'm established in my rule
I'll write you from my country school.

THE MAN IN THE MASQUE.

——————Alter
Ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum
Protulerat've pedem. *Juv. Sat. X.*

I BELIEVE I am somewhat of a philosophic temper, though truth to tell, my philosophy all runs one way. I care not a straw for the researches and theories which concern this poor black ball of ours—I have no fondness for the science which scrawls the fair firmament of heaven with imagined arcs and tangents and ellipses, cheating the stars of all their poetry. As little do I respect the science that mars the beautiful confusion of vegetable nature, with its artificial laws and classes that almost make the lilies toil while they grow. I bestow my sincere pity on those unhappy men who have chosen to themselves the office of stripping from the material universe the lovely mantle wherewith God in the beginning covered its nakedness.

Men and mind are my study. I need no observatory high in air, to aid my perceptions, or enlarge my prospect. I do not want a costly apparatus to give pomp to my pursuit or to disguise its inutility. I do not desire to travel and see foreign lands, and learn all knowledge, and speak with all tongues, before I am prepared for my employment. I have merely to go out of my door, nay, I may stay at home at my chambers, and I shall have enough to do and enjoy. Look and laugh, is my precept and practice; the motto and business of my philosophy. Every body is a wonder to me and a joke. Every body has so much that is new in his character to be analyzed, so much that is quaint to be admired at, so much that is dark to be searched, that every body gives me study and amusement.

I have wandered up and down the world, gone to and fro in the walks of life, with little to do but to observe my neigh-

bours. With small claims upon the notice of my fellow men, and with narrow abilities of serving them, I determined, even had my disposition less strongly inclined me to it, to give myself to a quiet observation of other men—to prefer no prayers on my own account to Fortune or Fame—to endeavour only to understand the creatures and the scenes among which my lot has placed me. I have therefore always kept in society; I have sought out every thing which was called curious or great; I have gone to see remarkable men, as other folks went to see the automaton chess-player. For I said to myself, peradventure I may discover a law of intellectual nature that shall explain some of the countless eccentricities of the human mind; that shall help to solve that riddle, which a mightier than the sphynx propounded, and no Œdipus has read. By that fortunate constitution of my system to which I have already alluded, I have been able in every emergency to find food for laughter; and this perpetual risibility has answered the purposes of the masque on the ancient stage; it has preserved the unity of my character to all about me, and sometimes hid beneath a merry guise, emotions that—Tush! I had almost betrayed my secret.

I have mingled in all societies, and I have found cause enough for mirth in all. I have attended on the formal levees of the statesman; watched the alert civility with which others paid their courtesy, and the graceful reserve which concealed the complaisant host under the dignity of office. And I laughed, to see the pretty pageant of human consequence played so gravely that no body suspected t'was a farce. It was Foote acting Richard III. and the audience all solemn.

I have chatted in the ball-room and figured in the dance. I have seen beauties in all the dazzle of their charms, and all the pride of their power; and I have laughed as the old Greek came into my head *'οια κεφαλη αλλ' ουκ εγκεφαλαιον*! But as I have turned from these to the smirking *things* that had fastened on them, my laugh has well nigh been choked with compassion for their unhappy fate, whom the law of fashion has doomed to the attentions of these milliner gallants. It is worse than the fair Titania courted by monstrous Bottom.

I have been at the gay night revel. I have sat at the tables laden with dainty meats and sparkling wine. The

laugh of merriment was loud, the song was noisy, and wit electric; but neither sympathy, nor noisy song, nor wit, was the occasion of my mirth. I laughed to see men cheat themselves with the idea that they were happy; to see how hard they laboured to mistake riot for glee; the flush of excess, for the excitement of heart; the glare of conviviality and splendid entertainment for real warm fellowship.

I have looked on society at large, and it lessened in my eye to a puppet show. And I laughed to see so much interference among the little figures—so many ludicrous inversions—such shocking contortions and grimaces when they meant to look dignified and proper—such fearful exertions to make a noise and bustle, and such odd contrivances to raise themselves a mite higher than their brother androides.—Through whatever scenes I have passed, of business, of pleasure, of sentiment or fact, I have always rejoiced that it was my nature to laugh; for I should else have found ample arguments for books of Lamentations. I have thought it better to disguise contempt under a smile, than to vent it in ill humour; and to escape melancholy at the follies of men, by pushing boldly into ridicule; as the choristers over the corpse of the witch, sung the louder, as the lamps burned blue, and told their beads the faster as the Devil drew near.

I am not ignorant, that while I laugh, I am the subject of laughter. I am willing to play my part in this grand 'Comedy of Errors.' I am content to submit to the necessity which binds all the sons and daughters of Adam. It is idle to resist this necessity. Circumstances will make us ridiculous, if character does not. We cannot always be seen in full dress; the moment of surprise will come to each and all sooner or later. We cannot escape the insanity which is a part of human imperfection; we cannot stand aside while our fellows are amusing us with their antic gambols—the mania has seized on ourselves, we are playing the same pranks. Surely then we may be allowed the privilege of laughing at each other.

FRUSTA EXLICIA.

DEDICATED TO THE POLYGLOT* CLUB BY UNUS ILLORUM.

† "Sunt bona? sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura."

I have often heard of the wonderful facility with which thoughts evaporate, when the pen is mended and the smooth, white sheet is laid before us—a blank void to be filled up—horresco videns. But, though I feel this truth, and know how often it is dragged in for a prœmium, I shall pass it over. I hate such trash, such quibbling. If one wants to prove that he cannot write, why, let him scrawl on to the end, and then let the world judge;—his designs may thus be completely fulfilled.

It was my intention to have commenced alphabetically; but that is a thread-bare fashion; and, if it were not, the very A. B. with which I must begin, is a sad stumbling block to my feet, hands, and pen. I might expatiate upon the Bachelorship of the Artium, of which an undergraduate is generally supposed to be quite ignorant.

C.

"A *sea* of troubles."—*Hamlet.*

CUTTING in all its branches. Man, through all the scenes of life, seems to hold steadily upon a few things only, and among these we may rank *cutting* as by far the most prominent. We *cut* our teeth in the cradle—*cut* our fingers and capers while children—*cut* a figure in our teens—*cut* out fine schemes, to be thrown by and forgotten through the years of manhood,‡—and, at last, Atropos, with her black cap and Damascus scissors, *cuts* short the thread of our existence. Take almost any case that you choose, and you will find *cutting*, almost without exception, the safest course. If we have a new book, and wish to judge of its merits, what shall we do? Why, *cut* it open and see; if the first pages are intolerably flat, then, *cut* the book altogether. If you pretend to be a civilized being, *cut* your nails and your hair; if you are a Chinese or an Indian, *cut* neither; if a fop, have your coat *cut* according to the extreme of fashion; if a right good fellow, have it *cut* according to the cloth and comfort. Go to the surgeon, and he will recommend *cutting* by all means; consult your gardener about an injured tree, and he, if a skilful one, will preach the benefits of '*cutting* in all its branches.' If the *cutting* blast whistle through your windows, *cut* list, and close up the cracks. When you have gotten into bad company, *cut* their acquaintance as soon as possible, *cut* every connection with them through and through; but when you meet

* Small-talk objects to this orthography. I can assure the Club, upon the authority of several vellum editions, that, to say the least, tute ibimus cum *two t's*.

† A translation for unfortunate husbands will unfold itself as the work proceeds.

‡ "Years of manhood"—Years of discretion—where are they?

an humble friend, of the *cut* of whose coat you are ashamed—falsely ashamed—I charge you *cut* him not.

Here I would pause for a moment, to dwell upon that odious being, the confirmed *cutter*, so called. In my opinion, he is a degenerate copy of the Revenue *Cutter* of our harbor,—for both are known by their rigging. The one has a tossed-back head, starched gills, striped cravat, and withal an air of perfect non-chalance,—the other has raking masts, swelling topsails, striped ensign, and on deck a battery of brass "roarers;" the former carries what he calls brains beneath his hat,—the latter carries a veering weather-cock upon the fore-top-gallant-mast; the one, by using his glass only upon particular occasions, *cuts* whom he does not choose to notice, with impunity,—the other by continually using his glass, *cuts* short the operations of the free trade. Indeed the whole difference is, that very decent people are sometimes annoyed by the one,—whereas, rogues are the only game of the other.

We are sometimes told, that a man has died, and *cut* off his heir with a shilling,—now, this is really too bad. It is foolish to be troubling our heads upon the bed of death about the type in which our epitaphs are to be *cut*,—but, it is criminal, to do a deed of vengeance at that solemn season: to cling to the worst passion of humanity while passing to another world; and to leave behind us a disgraceful monument of a low and rancorous spirit While alive, gratify your malice and love of revenge by throwing your treasures into the sea,—but carry not your vengeace beyond the grave.

There is another species of *cutting* still left for consideration,—and a very decent kind of *cutting* it is. I mean that verbal skirmishing that is often played off in college rooms, insurance offices, and at ladies' tea-tables. When it is well carried on, I admire to see and hear it,—nor am I unwilling to feel it. There is nothing that so sharpens wit, or so enlivens a dull meeting, as this slashing upon the whims and oddities of our fellows. I might quote many instances, but that the best of such *cuts*, like long scores, are apt to look provokingly bad upon paper. I must add one caution. The parties engaged are apt to forget, 'that, in the *cutting*, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood,' the spell is broken,—and what might have been amusement, degenerates into base ——

Calumny—the darkest wave in the *sea* of human troubles. On the character of this word I feel too much excited to write with any thing like moderation. The voice of woman, when she speaks of love, of virtue, of happiness, is music to the soul; it breathes peace and rest to the troubled and weary heart; but, when she spreads the tale of calumny, I had rather hear the mad chorus of the fallen angels. I speak particularly of woman, because in her we do not expect such perversion of nature's choicest gift. The human tones were no more made for such base doing, than are the solemn notes of the organ intended to grace with music the orgies of banditti.

To resume and conclude our *cuts*. They are of great service as illustrations—witness the child's book, and the veteran's face. They

are useful as **get-offs*; for instance, a bashful gentleman was desired by a lady to ask a blessing at her table; the poor man blushed--seized the carver, and stammered forth—"Madam, shall I—shall I cut this mutton." And again—Your disciples of Falstaff on the trying field of battle exhibit a strange propensity to '*cut* and run.'

In short, *cuts* are monosyllables of great and general utility; though there are times, when it would require no syllogism† to prove that they both bark and bite.—I have been dwelling too long upon these *cuts*, let us now dash on 'currente calamo' through our catalogue of C's.

Customs—I admire them when reasonable—in such cases it is consoling to think that we are doing as all the rest of the world would do. But we are apt to become blind slaves to them. At all events, when the laws of men and morality are not against it, I should choose to be comfortable at the expense of custom.

Curiosity—Without it, Newton would never have immortalized himself, and without it, Bluebeard's wives, (if the story be true,‡) would not have met with so early a death. Upon the whole, it is better in a museum than in a lady's disposition.

§Comfort—At Cambridge consists in a good fire, a tight room, a good book, and no *bores*; or a good companion and a set of chess men, half of whom are whole.

Crackers, *Cracked jokes, Cracked voices, Chorusses and Catches*—all good after their own way.

I did not begin with excuses, and hardly think I shall conclude with one. If I have written folly, it is too late to recall it—let it pass. I had no time for logic and reason—so 'thinks I to myself'

I wont philosophize—but will be *ready*.

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* I hardly know whether this word is peculiar to Cambridge or not—It appears to be derived from the Saxon guttolph, which is a lesson half gotten

† A dog is a monosyllable—
A dog barks and bites—
Ergo—a monosyllable barks and bites.

‡ Not perhaps exactly true, but undoubtedly intended as a pointed allegory.

§ From among the various definitions, I have taken one to suit myself.—not the world; though I think all will agree with me in those parts peculiar to this season of the year.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications will be received as usual. They must be signed with the real names of the authors, which will not be disclosed by the Club.

Notices of the American Poets, No. 3. and Conclusion is omitted for want of room.